UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

A Christmas Retrospection

By ZONA GALE

Pacific Coast Notes

By SYDNEY STRONG

Peace, Peace, When There Is No Peace!

By P. M. MATTHÉEFF

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIV MONDAY, JANUARY 19, 1925 NUMBER 18

"If we want to find out what our would-be spiritual and intellectual leaders are worth, let us search deligently to find out their records during the War. Have they in speech or action encouraged that War? Have they spoken evil of those who fought on the other side? Have they pharisaically asserted their own superior self-righteousness? Have they like imbeciles accepted the empty catchwords of their politicians? If not, it is well, and we may hold up our heads. But else, they are judged—and we who made them leaders are judged—for by their own mouths they are declared foul emanations of the passions of the crowd, Poison Gas made Flesh. It is meet they are branded on the brows with the Mark of the Beast to which they have sold what they call their souls. So all their fellows may know whom they had to thank for the blessings of the Great War. And if they show their gratitude by hardening the muscles of their arms, and gathering all the serpents they can find to make a scourge to lash the backs of these leaders until not one of them is left, perhaps, after all, there might not be less joy on earth."

—*Havelock Ellis*, in "Impressions and Comments."

Our paragraphs a fortnight ago, enumerating the distinguished dead of 1924, were necessarily written a week before the actual close of the old year. In that interval, unfortunately, a few other notable men passed away, and these we must now list, that our record may be complete. First is WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH, a man whose name is little known in itself, but who wrote a poem which went around the world and is undoubtedly destined always to be remembered and quoted. This poem is "Each In His Own Tongue,"

Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A very eminent man was WILLIAM ARCHER, the English dramatic critic. He was in his prime in the last decade of the nineteenth century when he translated Ibsen and thus brought this tremendous influence directly to bear upon English drama, and when by his own writings he did more than any other one man to prepare the way for the modern theatre. His eclipse as a critic in these last years was strangely coincident with his enormous success as a playwright in "The Green Goddess." On the same day with Archer died HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR, the famous traveler, especially known as the modern discoverer of Thibet. His last book, entitled "Everywhere," has only recently been published. Finally, there must be named LEON BAKST, the Russian artist and theatrical designer. These men add to the melancholy number and distinction of the famous dead of 1924. We repeat our previous observation, that this last year witnessed a greater loss among its leaders in many departments of life than any other year of recent times.

We have recently been reading some pages of the history of England in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, more particularly the story of social legislation. Two impressions are fixed upon our mind as a result of this reading. First, the difficulty involved in doing away with any form of evil—the delays, the obstacles, the discouragements, the defeats! It made no difference how great the evil, how hideous its horrors, how terrible its consequences—there were always plenty of people to defend it, and innumerable devices for perpetuating it. Everything else failing, there was always the argument of the right of property. Every other legal expedient for preventing action being exhausted, there was always the House of Lords to stand by and defeat the wisest and most humane legislation. One marvels that reform was ever achieved, that any evil of any kind was ever abolished. This brings us to the second impression—namely, that in the end the evil disappears! As one reads the story, it seems as though nothing is done. Year after year passes, and the record shows only one disastrous defeat after another. Then suddenly, without apparent explanation, there is registered a victory, and oftentimes a final victory. As one surveys a long period of time, one discovers that many such victories are recorded, and that through this span of years substantial progress has been made. The defeats of the moment, in other words, merge at last into the great triumph of the generation or the century. Which means that no evil is so firmly established, no vested interest so powerful, but what in the end it must yield to the determination, courage, and dauntless patience of the human heart! When the immovable obstacle encounters the irresistible force, it is the irresistible force that wins. The soul in the long run can conquer anything. Man is the master of the forces that make or mar his life.

It has long been a matter of wonder that the British documents bearing on the outbreak of the Great War have not been published, or at least made available for historical researches to competent students. It seemed especially amazing that during the months when the Labor Government was in office Mr. MacDonald made no attempt to reveal records which might have done so much, in comparison with the Russian and German archives, to support his pacifistic position in 1914. Now comes the sudden and inspiring news that before leaving

office Mr. MacDonald authorized the publication of a selection of the records for the decade preceding the war and up to its outbreak in 1914, and that this authorization has been confirmed by Mr. Austin Chamberlin, the Foreign Minister in succession to Mr. MacDonald. By those who have little confidence in governments, especially Tory governments, it might be regarded as disquieting that only a "selection" of the important papers available is to be revealed to the light of day. Any suspicion of this sort, however, is immediately put out of court by the fact that the selecting and editing of the records has been entrusted to Dr. G. P. Gooch, author of "A History of Modern Europe," and Dr. Harold Temperley, Reader in Modern History at Cambridge! Both these men are scholars of the first rank, who may be trusted to suppress and disguise nothing. They will tell to the world the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth as this truth is hidden away in the archives of the British Government offices. We believe that the publication of these documents will constitute the most important historical event since the publication of the secret treaties in 1917, and we shall be surprised if the result does not vindicate the judgment of those who contend that England, France and Russia must share with Germany and Austria responsibility for the war.

Some weeks ago we referred in these columns to the action of Denmark in proposing a complete disarmament of that country. We stated that this was a demonstration of the triumph of extreme pacifist sentiment which was most encouraging. Now comes news of a somewhat similar nature from Holland! The Dutch government is not proposing any such drastic action as that suggested in Denmark, but popular sentiment has evidently risen to such a flood-tide of pacifist idealism that it is not at all improbable that Holland may soon follow hard upon her neighbor's footsteps. A great anti-militarist demonstration, for example, recently took place at the Hague in response to a passionate address by Professor Van Embdin in a public debate with General Snyder, formerly commander-in-chief of the Dutch army. Thousands of persons belonging to all classes of society jammed the biggest assembly hall of the royal residence to hear the discussion, and thousands stood outside to listen to radio transmission. Both speakers agreed that the menace of war had not been lifted from the world; but whereas General Snyder argued that this fact meant that Holland should remain armed, Professor Van Embdin argued that it meant that the country should disarm. "How can Holland's future safety be best insured," he asked; and he gave the instant answer, "By total Disarmament!" He continued, "If the next war finds us an armed nation, we shall be totally and irretrievably lost." This declaration was greeted with loud shouts of "No more money for war," and the meeting broke up with the audience singing anti-militaristic songs. It would seem as though the present movement against war were to find its permanent rootage in the soil of the small neutral countries of the world. By virtue of their helpless position, these nations are obliged to see with perfect clearness the real meaning of war and preparedness for war. Once get the movement started here, however, and who knows where it will end.

A full-page advertisement in the New York *Times* for Sunday, January 4th, announces "a new daily pictorial tabloid newspaper." In describing the venture, the advertisement says,

> In the days of the cave-men and the cliff-dwellers, prehistoric men told their stories in pictures carved in stone. These crude sketches—called hieroglyphics—are the only histories we have of those long past days. And pictures since the earliest times have remained a universal language understood by all, appealing alike to old and young.

We have never seen, nor indeed expect to see again, so naive a confession, so complete and perfect a "give-away," as this. Our pictorial tabloid newspapers, the latest pest from the printing-press, here frankly and unashamedly admit that they are products of the stone-age, and make their appeal to intellects of the cave-men and cliff-dwellers stage of civilization! We have thought this ourselves for a long time, but hardly expected to see the newspapers confessing it, nay boasting of it. But the fact is obvious. It began with the comic strips—a type of humor addressed to the mind which can read and understand only the most primitive type of humor. The very drawing of these strips is itself a reversion to a period so remote that what we know as art had not yet even begun. This process continued in the illustrated supplements, which all the marvels of modern photography and press-work cannot disguise as at the most a mere picture-book for children. It has now reached a further stage in the pictorial newspapers, which deliberately undertake a return to the barbaric times when pictures were the only writing that men had. The next stage, of course, is a paper in which all writing or printing whatsoever will be dispensed with, and there will thus be nothing but pictures. Then "readers" need not be able to read at all. We can just be untutored cave-men—and boast of it!

The better one knows America, the more evident it becomes that the unity of the nation is a political accident rather than a social or spiritual reality. The real America is not so much one country as many countries. The South, for example, is a civilization altogether apart from the other states. Its history, traditions, social institutions, individual psychology are as different from the history, the traditions, etc., of the North as the climate of Florida is different from the climate of Maine or Minnesota. So with the West and East!

There are here no such social contrasts as in the case of North and South, but in everything else the two sections are somewhat as wide apart as France and Russia. Nothing is more evident in the present political situation than the utter inability of the East to understand the West, and, to a less extent, of the West to understand the East. The same situation inheres in the problem of California and the western coast. This section of the country is obsessed with the Japanese problem about which the rest of the nation knows little and cares less. California might easily take us into a war on this issue which concerns New York and South Carolina as remotely as the same issue in New Zealand and Australia. America, in other words, like the area which its boundaries enclose, is a continent, with all the discordant and divisive elements which make up any continent. This fact creates the problem, as it frequently stirs the despair, of Americanization. Can we develop a united people and thus hold the nation together? But if there is concern here on this point, there is also assurance. For America, in spite of differences, *does* hold together. Its political unity demonstrates that the most discordant human elements, the most diverse civilizations, may be successfully combined, and thus gives hope to other and less happy portions of the world. Europe, for example! The jealousies, hostilities, and fears in Europe find little duplication in America. But the actual *facts* from which these emotions spring, are not a particle more serious than those which confront us here. Europeans can live together as successfully as Americans, in spite of differences, whenever they choose to do so.

A trusted friend tells us of an interesting religious survey which has been recently made in a high-class suburban town of some 11,000 population. There is much prosperity in this community with an exceptionally high standard of intellectual and cultural life. There are nine churches, including a large Catholic institution. The religious survey in which our friend took active part reveals some surprising and disconcerting facts. Among other things it was shown that all the churches together, including the Catholic institution, have enrolled in their Sunday Schools, clubs and young peoples' societies only one-half of the total number of boys and girls enrolled in the public schools. Of the college graduates of the town, who are numerous, only nine have any connection with the churches at all, and these nine are indifferent and inactive. In none of the Protestant churches were there found any wage-earners. These conditions are utterly appalling, and yet, if any casual observer went into this town, he would say that the churches were highly prosperous institutions and were influential factors in the life of the community. We know the town in question ourselves, and can testify that it is supremely typical of small American cities and towns generally. The religious situation here discussed we believe to be typical also. Once get down under the surface, into the real life of our communities, and it will be found almost without exception that the church is an increasingly negligible factor in modern life. This religious survey, by the way, is seeking to work out a new program of religious activity for the town based upon the community idea. People interested, in other words, are agreeing that organized religion as we know it today is hopeless, and that a wholly new type of religious life must be begun.

A Christmas Retrospection

I received at Christmastide the following, with which all who have loved and still love Christmas must find a certain sympathy:

TO ALL MY RELATIVES AND FRIENDS:

The modern Christmas is swiftly passing the premise of both spirit and meaning of old Yuletide, and is now actually a day of much worry, distress, sorrow and illwill.

Christmas is viciously commercialized by dollar-mad business men and good, well-intentioned people are helpless victims of their conscienceless avarice. "Peace on Earth and good will towards Men" ceases to express today's Christmas attitude.

For these sufficient reasons—and others too hurtful, known and true to relate—I am taking Christmas off my private calendar. Hereafter I will discontinue the custom of offering gifts or other Christmas tokens and earnestly request you all to do the same with me. Your greetings will be heartily appreciated and welcomed at any other time.

Sincerely,

And yet is not something like the following, the reply?—

I can understand perfectly the reasoning which prompted the announcement on the card. To all lovers of the essential Christmas, and its spirit, it must be a source of sorrow to watch it so changed. But how, by what process, can one cut off Christmas? I mean, how could one cut from one's calendar the Spring? One might, but the buds would burst and the flowers would rise and open just the same. It seems like "disinheriting and disowning" one's son. One's son is one's son, in spite of all the wills and the words. . . . No, the traders and shop-keepers shall not do *two* things, having done one. Having filled Christmas with symbols, with things, to the flawing of its spirit, is to have done harm enough. They shall not go farther and have still more influence on Christmas, or on me, and take my Christmas away. My Christmas is there, quiet, all the time. It is, as I conceive it, not for me to forget it, to turn away from it, but all the more determinedly work to keep it alive, that day as I conceive it to be. It is, I think, much easier to forget it and to be out of sorts with it when one does think of it, than it is to save it from its enemies. There, as I see it, lies our real task. Not to cut off Christmas, even if one could, but to salvage it, so far as one's own little area of influence and action can extend.

For example: Here is a day devoted in its essence, to the two highest individual and social ideals that we know: Peace on earth, good will to men. Why should I cut those off, forget them, merely because I see that the habit of the time does so, does that very same thing, by substituting a day of colored paper and ribbon and cord and stickers. What they do in one way, I do in another if I erase the day from my calendar—as they have already essentially erased it. No, the more they cut it off, the more I shall go out to try to find it, to uncover it, to bring it out in all its essential loveliness as the nearest to a world-holiday that we have, the only day whose meaning of peace and good will can surmount everything, can, in spite of all the confusion, literally discharge into the world an aroma exquisite and sovereign. I shall not charge Christmas itself with what its followers or its traducers may have done to it. Instead, shall we not have a crusade to rescue Christmas? Shall we not, at least, keep our own Christmas alive—as Phillips Brooks wanted it:

> Then let every heart keep its Christmas within,
> Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin.
> Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,
> Everywhere, everywhere Christmas to-night!

ZONA GALE.

Jottings

Nothing could be finer than the way President Coolidge is setting himself against the big navy advocates and the war alarmists generally. Anybody who knows Washington at all knows that it takes courage of a high order to resist these bureaucrats. The President apparently has that kind of courage.

Brigadier-General Lord Thomson, air minister in the late Labor Cabinet in England, declared in a speech in New York that "disarmament in the air is the acid test of all disarmament." This is important as looking back upon the much-tooted Washington Conference and ahead to other conferences to come.

A trusted friend writes us from Pennsylvania that the latest news in her part of the country is that President Harding was poisoned in Alaska by a Japanese Soviet sympathizer, that the Child-Labor Amendment is Russian propaganda, and that Governor Pinchot and his wife are agents of Moscow. Do people believe these things? THEY DO!

The Arbitrator, still the liveliest paper in the field, announces that "subscribers have protested that (it) saw no good in anything." This brings us comfort, for we get some of that same kind of protesting ourselves. We imagine that God got it when he saw that "the earth was without form and void," and proceeded to set things straight.

Mr. Duke's gift to Trinity College on condition it change its name, reminds a newspaper scribe of a statement in the "Classical Dictionary," as follows:

> He (Alexander) offered to build it (Temple of Diana) at his own expense, if the Ephesians would place upon it an inscription which denoted the name of the benefactor. This generous offer was refused by the Ephesians, who observed, in the language of adulation, that it was improper that one deity should raise temples to the other.

Had the trustees of Trinity known a little history, they might have replied to Mr. Dukes that the "Holy Trinity" still had some rights.

DEFINITIONS.—*War correspondent,* a journalist sent to the front in war-time to conceal the facts that can't be told.

J. H. H.

Pacific Coast Notes

Editorial Correspondence.

Last Sunday night I attended a debate in the Labor Temple on the question of whether the abolition of the Capitalist system is the best method of abolishing war. It was held under the auspices of the Seattle Labor College, John C. Kennedy, director. Three members of the college took the affirmative, while three members of the Seattle Fellowship took the negative. It was Messrs. Brackett, Roe and Carlson, vs. Mrs. Garrott, Messrs. Duncan and Lane. The affirmative contended that there would be war as long as capitalism lasts. This was war's chief root. Militarism is necessary to the capitalist system. All wars are traceable to economic causes. As long as there are masters there will be wars. The negative admitted the close connection between wars and the capitalist system, but contended that the elimination of that system seemed too remote to allow time for waiting, that the best method therefore was one that would soon abolish war. The abolition of war was nearer at hand than the abolition of the capitalist system, in fact it was one step toward the abolition of that system. People are beginning to understand about war, far more than they will be able to understand about capitalism. Every home nearly is touched by war. From many directions are gathering forces that will stamp war out, just as the organized liquor traffic was stamped out. One speaker said that the question was similar to a former question before the public, "Does poverty cause drunkenness, or drunkenness poverty?" The negative contended, that the people showed their good sense in first attempting the destruction of the organized drink traffic, instead of waiting for the disappearance of poverty first.

On the same day, in the afternoon, at the Y. M. C. A. I heard Clinton W. Howard of Rochester, N. Y., on the proposition of universal disarmament by universal

agreement. I heard a remarkable address, with a most scorching arraignment of the wickedness of the last war. The cost, the folly, the suffering, the crime, the degeneration during and following the war, the diabolical lying, the lapse into gross paganism by the leading "Christian" peoples—a stronger indictment I have seldom heard. Mr. Howard said he was out on his own charges, gathering funds as they (there are a dozen of them, or will be soon) travel, and they propose to cover the world, before they have finished, creating a mind for peace, that will demand and accomplish universal disarmament. He does not believe in America disarming before other nations disarm. He is out after an universal agreement. Of course, I can see him falling into another war, if a national "emergency" came, if it came before universal agreement were arrived at. I am insisting with myself that I shall start on the ground and put war entirely out of my own system, in other words, become a total abstainer, that I shall have nothing to do with war, from this day on. However, I came away from this remarkable address, after being under its spell and watching the effects upon the several hundred young men, feeling that such speeches—and these will multiply—were preparing the way for the abolition of war. I am reminded of some words of my friend, John Fletcher, the British Quaker, in referring to similar crowds as "being still a part of a movement *away from war*, but who have not yet got to a place of being able to lead folk *into* peace. They are able to call upon people to flee from the wrath to come. But they haven't even arrived at the stage of John the Baptist preaching that 'every valley shall be exalted and the crooked places straight' nor yet into a fellowship in which are no longer Nordics and Asiatics, bond or free, white or colored, but all are one."

I heard two speeches this noon, at a luncheon, on the subject of the treatment of the Japanese, residing now in America. One was by the Japanese consul, C. Ohashi, the other by Judge Thomas Burke, for forty years a prominent citizen of Seattle. Mr. Ohashi spoke straight out from his heart, and very plainly. And this was what he said. He wanted fair treatment of those Japanese now in America. He said, there were 110,000 Japanese in the U. S. A. One half of these are American-born, and therefore citizens. Of the 60,000 not born in America, 20,000 are women. In the state of Washington are 15,000, with one half of these in Seattle. In this state are 525 farmers, who are not a menace but are peaceful producers. It is these farmers who are suffering. Many of them have families, and are not able to do anything but farm. The consul said he was not raising the question of immigration, for that had been settled by the "gentlemen's agreement" years ago. At that time Japan ceased to look upon America as a place for her people to migrate. He was asking for fair treatment for Japanese now in America.

Judge Burke gave a capital little speech. No nation is so great as to be able to disregard fair play and justice. He praised the Japanese. The Japanese, in America, have the lowest percentage of crime among all the nationals. It is unfair to the Japanese farmers to deprive them of the means of life. He referred to a similar situation, in Seattle, forty years ago. Then it was the Chinese. So high arose unreasoning passion at that time, that some even suggested driving the Chinese into the sea. A mass-meeting was held, and in the end the people responded to the appeal for justice. They will respond again, he added. The judge, by the way, was one of the heroes to step in and stem the tide. He added, no nation that does such a thing can possibly escape its Nemesis. We cannot afford to disregard justice and throw away millions of dollars worth of commerce through failure to treat fairly 525 farmers, domiciled in our country. Mayor Edwin J. Brown took time to step into the meeting to say, that for twenty-five years he, as a farmer, business man and city official had known the Japanese well and he had rarely heard a complaint against them, and affirmed that "this male hysteria will subside by and by. We would all have gone hungry, during the war, if the Japanese farmers hadn't bombarded our homes every morning with onions, carrots and potatoes."

The consul was anxious to have this idea sink into the minds of the American people: "The Japanese question has ceased to be an immigration question. Japan has no intention, whatsoever, to send any more immigrants to this country and absolutely no Japanese will come except as tourists or traders. Japan asks only fair treatment of her people, especially the farmers, who are resident in America." How deep it will sink, is not yet writ on the books of the Coast legislatures. Here's hoping that the sense of fairness, at least of business expediency, will reign. It is practically agreed by all sides of the controversy that the Japanese are highly intelligent, industrious, law-abiding and all-round good citizens in point of behavior and productivity.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Peace, Peace, When There Is No Peace!

[From our Bulgarian Correspondent.]

A good American friend has undertaken a noble work with the object of attaining universal peace. He has constituted an International Union and has named it "Magna Charta." He has appointed a long line of officials, presidents and secretaries and executives, with the President of the United States as Honorary President, all prominent men representing the States and in some cases foreign countries. He has thought of spreading his work also to Bulgaria, and has asked me to assist him in the translation and printing of his bulletins, and their distribution among my countrymen. The expenses are to be borne, if possible, by Bulgarians, the work's aim being as much for their benefit as for that of the other nations.

Published bulletins explain the means by which the object of the Union is to be attained. The work is praiseworthy, with a noble aim, but, I think, unpractical, unresponsive to the necessities of the day, to the present unbearable condition of affairs!

This good American and others like him, undertake their good work in the midst of comfortable surroundings—to attain universal peace through the education of the youth and children in the spirit of goodwill. They know nothing of the actual acute sufferings of some thirty millions of human beings, *the minorities* in Europe, living under the "protection" of the peace treaties, yet destined by these treaties to daily torture, to ultimate destruction. They know nothing of the

reality of the situation, and thus cannot be sensitive to its horror. It presents itself to their eyes as in a mirage in the shape of a general social disease. They fail to see the deep, bleeding wounds, the poison of which is corroding the very foundations of present and future prosperity for man, and to understand that these wounds demand instant attention.

Many are the men, as also the unions, busy with propaganda for Universal Peace; few, however, are those who dare to work openly for such an end against existing evils, against the injurious conditions which support these evils—*the unnatural, inhuman Peace Treaties!* To quiet their consciences, they turn to the League of Nations, and deal out paradise promises to all who will be patient, and *live to see results*. They are deaf to the fact that this League is a creature of the Peace Treaties, and as such has to act in the spirit in which it was created—namely, hatred and revenge.

I accepted the invitation of this good but unpractical American, and wrote to him as follows:

I will help you with the translation and the spread of your bulletins among my countrymen. We have several societies at work for peace, but every one of them is suffering from dearth of money. Besides, they are all faltering under the influence of the wounds inflicted by the peace. This peace has brought only poverty replete with agony.

I respect your work; I envy your comfortable surroundings which permit you to work to your heart's content in a good cause, free from the cruel conditions with which we have to struggle every hour. The worst phase of the situation is the fact that those responsible *refuse to take cognizance of these conditions. The thieves have not yet fallen out among themselves in the division of the booty.* This must come about; then will every one see and acknowledge his sins; then will there be a chance to deal justly with the wronged; then will the deep bleeding wounds of peace be properly attended to.

What I have said may not agree with your views. I shall not be surprised if such is the case. The world during the past ten years has been in a furious vortex, from which it has not yet escaped. What is knowledge for one is ignorance for another. The present evil political conditions, the present denial of the justice guaranteed to over thirty millions of human beings, *the minorities*, are undoubtedly the result of the Peace Treaties. These Treaties contain ruinous impositions, all elements of disorder and of future wars. Unless they are removed, there can be no reasonable settlement of the intolerable situation. The principles laid down, but soon forgotten, by your late President Wilson are the only bases upon which such a settlement can be obtained. These principles were approved and accepted by both interested parties before the Armistice, only to be scouted and contemptuously thrown aside in the presence of glorious victory—passion and revenge.

The victor has turned out a greater tyrant than could have been the vanquished. We see and are suffering from the one tyranny, but can only imagine what the other might have been.

A well-composed and well-spoken sermon is in itself insufficient if it fails to reach the auditor's heart. No preaching, no educational work can produce any effect so long as the poisonously destructive atmosphere into which the unfortunate vanquished are forcibly kept is not swept aside. It has to be remembered that today's vanquished are a possible victor tomorrow.

I see that I have given you no encouragement in the carrying out of your noble intentions. Please bear in mind that we judge by what we know and feel. You are far from the conflagration; I am in its very midst, and our understandings are different. This, however, need not in the least be an obstacle to my forwarding your good intentions to the best of my abilities, which please consider fully at your service.

Sofia, Bulgaria. P. M. MATTHÉEFF.

Sanctions and Outlawry

[The following article, reprinted from *The Christian Century*, is the most important that has recently appeared anywhere on the Outlawry of War. Written by the man most competent to speak on all phases of the subject, this article discusses and answers that one particular question which causes more perplexity and stirs more doubt than any other which could be mentioned. We commend it to our readers as an indispensable part of the literature of Outlawry.—J. H. H.]

Some philologist should apply his talents to a glossary of war words and phrases. Indeed, their respectable etymology and their corrupted use are invaluable in the study of the war problem. For example: What is "the balance of power," "a sphere of influence," "a pacific blockade," "peaceful penetration," "rectification of boundaries," "a regional understanding," or "a non-justiciable dispute"? What is a protectorate, suzerainty, a mandatary? What is the right of hinterland, of military necessity, of retaliation and reprisal? Lurking beneath these euphemistic expressions are the fangs of conquest and the lawless power of might. . .

In the study of the war problem a correct understanding of the word "sanctions," and of its application to and its place in any peace plan, is indispensable to sound thinking. The skillful use of this word in diplomatic parlance is typical. Derived from *sanctus*, this word of holy import, redolent of the altar, has been circuitously conscripted by the war offices to cover a multitude of international sins. For now indeed, in peace treaties and alliances, in Leagues and Protocols, sanctions mean physical enforcement or crushing penalties administered under the auspices of the war system. Sanctions, therefore, mean war, sometimes *ex parte* war, as in the Ruhr, but always the substantial equivalent of war. Otherwise stated, the age-old theory of establishing peace and administering justice by force is the keystone of every European peace proposal.

Now it has been the uniform experience of speakers on the Outlawry of War, in public and in private, to be confronted with this critical poser: "Your scheme is very beautiful and idealistic, but how are you going to enforce it; where are your sanctions?" This question is hurled with a tone of finality from the lips of the college professor, the man of affairs, the war official and even the sympathetic bystander. What is the answer to this question? How are you really going to enforce a drastic international law against war—a law unheard of in the annals of history?

Before undertaking this "herculean task" let us consider for a moment what the advocates of peace are really attempting to do. If we are trying to rid the world of war, any use of war for that purpose, though tempered by the name of sanctions, will produce a vicious and futile circle. Unless we concentrate on the idea of eliminating the war system we will continue to think of "enforcing peace" only in terms of war. What the proponents of Outlawry are endeavoring to do is to have the institution of war, used from time immemorial for the settlement of international disputes, condemned and abolished by international law.

The advocates of Outlawry contend that the whole theory of sanctions as applied to international relations and sovereign entities is fallacious. And it is this fallacy that perpetuates the rule of force. We submit two demonstrations of the fallacy of sanctions.

First, consider contractual treaties or compacts between nations. Let us say that nations A and B enter into such a treaty compact. How is a breach of such

treaty to be enforced or punished? Where are the sanctions? There are three relative positions of strength between Nations A and B, viz.:

1—A may be the exact equal of B;
2—A may be stronger than B;
3—B may be stronger than A.

In the first supposition manifestly neither can enforce the compact nor punish for a breach; in the second B cannot enforce or punish; and in the third A cannot enforce or punish. Thus it is clear that sanctions are not feasible or possible in contractual treaties.

Will anybody assert that in international relations the method of making contracts by treaty is "visionary and idealistic" and should be abandoned because forsooth it is impossible to provide satisfactory sanctions? On the contrary, everyone must concede that contractual treaties mark the highest status and advance of international relations.

The second illustration is even more direct. The use of force in international relations is always tantamount to some form of military alliance. This is shown by Articles X and XVI of the League and Articles XI, XII and XIII of the recent Protocol, the latter articles being clearly intended to vitalize and re-enforce the former. Provision is made in Article XIII of the Protocol for special treaties of alliance which shall be registered and published. Recently a suggested military alliance between Great Britain, France and Germany has created favorable comment. Suppose a military alliance to be formed between these three great nations. Then suppose a crisis arises and Germany calls on Great Britain and France for assistance, or in another crisis France calls on Germany and Great Britain, or Great Britain calls on France and Germany. Then suppose further that these calls are not responded to by one or both of the allies. Such things have happened before even in recent history. How are you going to enforce this alliance? "Where are your sanctions?" How possibly can there be any sanctions for any military alliance whatever? This alleged greatest of all measures for "security," this European method of administering peace and justice is found, on critical analysis, to be wholly devoid of sanctions and therefore "visionary and idealistic"!

What does all this mean? It simply means that any arrangement, call it League, Protocol, Alliance or Treaty, must in the last analysis rest upon the good faith of the parties involved. It is a common proverb that the affairs of life hinge upon confidence. This is an adage the nations need to learn and to trust. If we treat some civilized countries as "bandit nations" we shall certainly succeed in developing their baser qualities as well as their hostility. Unless civilization cultivates and relies upon good faith, unless an appeal is made to the higher qualities of men, unless reason and law shall govern the controversies of the nations, there is no other God but Mars.

What, then, is the answer to the question of how we propose to enforce the Outlawry of War? The answer is obvious. We intend to rest its enforcement upon the will of the people themselves. We propose to have a plebiscite in each civilized nation whereby, by overwhelming vote, the people will condemn and outlaw the war system, abolish the institution of war for the settlement of international controversies and declare that the use of war for any purpose shall be made a crime under the law of nations. The people shall, under this plebiscite, severally pledge themselves to handle and punish their own war criminals just as our Congress may do under our Constitution. When war becomes a public international crime, Congress automatically has the power to "punish offences against" this law. Thus a superstate of force is avoided and the power to execute the law against war is lodged, where it belongs, with the respective peoples themselves. For, unless the civilized peoples of the world overwhelmingly vote to do away once and for all with the war system, nothing can be done. If they do so vote, everything can be done and war will cease.

This is the democratic idea of international relations. The sanctions, the means of enforcement, are the will of the peoples, crystalized into law, international and domestic. This is the greatest sanction of them all, the only one worth the having and the only one that will not re-introduce the demon of force and the system of war. The real question, therefore, is not "where are your sanctions?" but this: "Shall we put our faith in foreign offices and temporary cabinets for security by war, or shall we trust the plighted word of the peoples for the security of peace?" When the people's answer to this question has been "heard round the world" the war game will come to an end.

Chicago. —*Salmon O. Levinson.*

PROPHECY

Poet, sing thy song!
What though none heed thy lyre?
Let Heaven still inspire
Lyrics both sweet and strong.
Poet, sing.

Poet, why now grieve?
Though men may turn away
At the high noon of day,
They will return at eve.
Poet, cheer!

Poet, dream thy dream.
Long years may come and go;
Old age may bring its snow;
Yet, though all seem in vain,
Cease not thy heavenly strain!
Earth still shall catch the gleam.
Poet, dream.

Poet, lose not heart.
What though men nurse the wrong,
And scorn thy loving song?
What though the nations hate?
What though war devastate?
Earth yet shall learn thy art.
Poet, sing!

The Christian Century. —*Thomas Curtis Clarke.*

The Revolution of the Spirit*

Lately, I read an observation in one of your papers that, being a philosopher, I was half an hour late in attending a particular meeting. I could satisfactorily explain my conduct if the complaint were restricted to this one casual event, but I believe the writer took it to be a symbol of some truth about me which was not accidental. I suppose that what gave him more serious concern was that, according to him, I was altogether out of date in this modern age, that I ought to have been born 2,000 years ago, when poets dreamed over their brimming wine-cups in the moon-light, and philosophers ignored everything immediate, time and space.

This has caused me some surprise, which, I am sure, will grow into amusement when I have more leisure than I have now. Almost from my boyhood, I have been accustomed to hear from my own countrymen angry remonstrances that I was too crassly modern, that I had missed all the great lessons from the past, and with it my right of entry into a venerable civilization like that of India. For your people I am obsolete, and therefore useless, and for mine, new-fangled and therefore obnoxious. I do not know which is true.

Dr. Hu. Shih, in the capacity of an astrologer, calculated from the sun and stars some augury of my visit to this country. I suppose he will be able to tell from the antics of the stars under what auspices, and what contradictory influences I was born. He will let me know why this unfortunate being has been so continually suspected to be contraband,—smuggled on to the wrong shore of time,—not only by his own countrymen to whom he is too familiar, but by others to whom he could hardly have yet given any occasion for grave anxiety. Because of this misunderstanding, I have been asked by my friends to introduce myself to you with some biographical details so that my ideas may not appear to you too visionary, and frighten you as does an apparition that has lost its context of life.

I was born in 1861: that is not an important fact of history, but it was a great period in our history in Bengal. You do not know, perhaps, that we have our places of pilgrimage in those spots where the rivers meet in confluence, the rivers which to us are the symbols of the spirit of life in nature, and which in their meeting present emblems of the meeting of spirits, the meeting of ideals. Just about that time the currents of three movements had met in the life of our country.

One of these movements was religious, introduced by a very great-hearted man of gigantic intelligence, Raja Rammohan Roy. It was revolutionary, for he tried to re-open the channel of spiritual life which had been obstructed for many years by the sands and debris of creeds that were formal and often materialistic, fixed in external practices lacking spiritual significance.

There was a great fight between him and the orthodox who suspected every living idea that was dynamic. It has its analogy in the modern West where the prosperous are afraid of idealism, because they believe in certain things they call wealth, things that can be hoarded in iron safes, secured in banks and watched over by armed guards. Ideas cause movement, and all movements forward they consider to be a menace against their warehouse security.

People who cling to an ancient past also have their pride in the antiquity of their accumulations, in the sublimity of time-honored walls around them. They grow nervous and angry when some great spirit, some lover of truth, breaks open their enclosure and floods it with the sunshine of thought and the breath of life. This was happening about the time I was born. I am proud to say that my father was one of the great leaders of that movement, a movement for whose sake he suffered ostracism and braved social indignities. I was born in this atmosphere of the advent of new ideals, which at the same time were old, older than all the things of which that age was proud.

There was a second movement equally important. A certain great man, Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, who, though much older than myself, was my contemporary and lived long enough for me to see him, was the first pioneer in the literary revolution which happened in Bengal about that time.

Our self-expression must find its freedom not only in spiritual ideas but in literary manifestation. But our literature had allowed its creative life to vanish. It lacked movement and was fettered by a rhetoric rigid as death. This man was brave enough to go against the orthodoxy which believed in the security of tomb-stones and in that perfection which can only belong to the lifeless. He lifted the dead weight of ponderous forms from our language and, with a touch of his magic wand, aroused our literature from her age long sleep. What a vision of beauty she revealed to us when she awoke in the fulness of her strength and grace!

There was yet another movement started about this time in my country which was called National. It was not fully political, but it began to give voice to the mind of our people trying to assert their own personality. It was a voice of indignation at the humiliation constantly heaped upon us by people who were not oriental, and who had, especially at that time, the habit of sharply dividing the human world into the good and bad, according to what was similar to their life and what was different.

This contemptuous spirit of separateness was perpetually hurting us and causing great damage to our own world of culture. It generated in the young men of our country distrust of all things that had come to them as an inheritance from their past. The old Indian pictures, and other works of art, were laughed at by our students in imitation of the laughter of their European schoolmasters.

Though, latterly, our teachers themselves have changed their mind, their disciples have not yet fully regained confidence in the merit of our art tradition, even where such merit is permanent. They have had a long period of encouragement in developing an appetite for third-rate copies of French pictures, for gaudy oleographs abjectly cheap, for pictures that are the products of mechanical accuracy of a stereotyped standard; and they still consider it to be a symptom of superior culture to be able disdainfully to refuse oriental works of creation. There has been cultivated the same spirit of rejection, born of utter ignorance, in most other departments of our culture.

You must know, my friends, when you class things as modern or old, that you make a great mistake in following your calendar of dates. Don't you know that the flowers of Spring are old, that they represent the first dawn of life on the earth,—but are they therefore symbols of the dead and discarded? If you follow your standard of chronology in your craving for the modern,

*A paper read at the theatre in Peking.

would you rather replace them with artificial flowers made of rags, because they were made "yesterday"?

But the modern young men of India nodded their heads and said that true originality lay not in the discovery of the rhythm of the essential in the heart of reality, but in the full lips, tinted cheeks and bare breasts of imported pictures. It is the result of the hypnotism exercised upon the minds of the younger generation which is ready to sell its soul for the cheap things that are brought to its door by people who are loud of voice and strong of arm. We were cowed down: we accepted their verdict and said, *"yes."*

Reaction had just set in when I was born and some people were already trying to stem the tide. This movement had its leaders in my own family, in my brothers and cousins, and they stood up to save the people's mind from being insulted and ignored by the people themselves.

We have to find some basis that is universal, that is eternal, and we have to discover those things which have an everlasting value. The national movement was started to proclaim that we must not be indiscriminate in our rejection of the past. This was not a reactionary movement but a revolutionary one, because it set out with a great courage to deny and to oppose all pride in mere borrowings. When we have filled our drawing-rooms with foreign furniture, aren't we proud of inviting guests to contemplate their value, not in terms of spiritual or mental effort, but of some standard of approval belonging to a foreign race, of having been bought from some expensive shop in the Legation Quarter? It needs a spirit of martyrdom to stand up against the pride of the crude, who are ready to pelt you with maxims from their modern school-books.

These three movements were on foot and in all three the members of my own family took active part. We were ostracized because of our heterodox opinions about religion, and therefore we enjoyed the freedom of the outcaste. We had to build our own world with our own thoughts and energy of mind. We had to build it from the foundation, and therefore had to seek the foundation that was firm.

We can't create foundations, but we can build a super-structure. These two must go together, the giving of expression to new life and the seeking of foundations which must be in the heart of the people themselves. Those who believe that life consists in change, because change implies movement, should remember that there must be an underlying thread of unity, or the change, being unmeaning, will cause conflict and clash. This thread of unity must not be of the outside, but in our own soul.

As I say, I was born and brought up in an atmosphere of the confluence of three movements, all of which were revolutionary. I was born in a family which had to live its own life, which led me from my young days to seek guidance for my own self-expression in my own inner standard of judgment. The medium of expression, doubtless, was my mother tongue. But the language which belonged to the people had to be modulated according to the urging which I, as an individual, had.

No poet should borrow his medium ready-made from some shop of respectability. He should not only have his own seeds but prepare his own soil. Each poet has his own distinct medium of language.

The races of man have poetry in their heart, and it is necessary for them to give, as far as is possible, a perfect expression to their sentiments. For this they must have a medium, moving and pliant, which can freshly become their very own, age after age. All great languages have undergone and are still undergoing changes. Those languages which resist the spirit of change are doomed and will never produce great harvests of thought and literature. When forms become fixed, the spirit either weakly accepts its imprisonment within them, or rebels. All revolutions consist of the fight of the within against invasion by the without. The spirit, which is the sovereign, must have conviction in its own dignity of life, in order to resist the dominance of the external and to find freedom in the world it perpetually creates for itself.

There was a great chapter in the history of life on this earth, when some irresistible inner force in man found its way out into the scheme of things, and sent forth its triumphant mutinous voice, with the cry that it was not going to be overwhelmed from outside by a huge brute-beast of a body. How helpless it appeared at the moment, but has it not nearly won? In our social life, also, revolution breaks out when some power concentrates itself in outside arrangements and threatens to enslave for its own purpose the power which we have within us.

When an organization, which is a machine, becomes a central force, political, commercial, educational or religious, it obstructs the free flow of inner life of the people and waylays and exploits it for the augmentation of its own power. To-day, such concentration of power is fast multiplying on the outside, and the cry of the oppressed spirit of man is in the air, which struggles to free itself from the grip of screws and blots of unmeaning obsessions.

Revolution must come, and men must risk revilement and misunderstanding, especially from those who want to be comfortable, who believe that the soul is antiquated, and who put their faith in materialism and convention. These will be taken by surprise, these stunted children who belong truly to the dead past and not to modern times.

Purely physical dominance is mechanical, and modern machines are merely exaggerating our bodies, lengthening and multiplying our limbs. The modern child delights in such enormous bodily bulk, representing an inordinate material power, saying, "Let me have the big toy and no sentiment which can disturb it." He does not realize that we are returning to that ante-deluvian age which revelled in its production of gigantic physical frames, leaving no room for the freedom of the inner spirit.

All great human movements in the world are related to some great ideal. Some of you say that such a doctrine of the spirit has been in its death-throes for over a century, and is now moribund, that we have nothing to rely upon but external forces and material foundations. But I say, on my part, that your doctrine was obsolete long ago. It was exploded in the Spring-time of life, when mere size was swept off the face of the world, and was replaced by man, brought naked into the heart of creation, man with his helpless body, but with his indomitable mind and spirit.

The impertinence of material things is extremely old. The revelation of spirit in man is modern: I am on its side, for I am modern. I have explained how I was born into a family which rebelled, which had faith in its loyalty to an inner ideal. If you want to reject me, you are free to do so. But I have my right, as a revolutionary, to carry the flag of freedom of spirit into the shrine of your idols,—material power and accumulation. —*Rabindranath Tagore.*

Current Thought, India.

THE STUDY TABLE

"Hellenism and Christianity"[1]

What is the real difference, if there is any, between East and West? Why is Rudyard Kipling so cocksure that the twain shall never meet? Who was Bachylides and what did he do? What fraction of Palaeohellenic literature is of permanent value? These and other similar questions are discussed by Mr. Edwyn Bevan, honorary fellow of New College, Oxford. The author is a very distinguished scholar, particularly studious of the later phases of Greek civilization from the standpoint of morality and in this volume he has placed a congeries of essays previously and severally published in Great Britain. The one entitled "The First Contact of Christianity and Paganism" is decidedly a fine piece of dramatic delineation.

Augustine, of the URBS DEI fame is portrayed so harmoniously in the chapter "Between Two Worlds," that one imagines oneself transported back to the fourth century of this era. Another, thoroughly provoking essay, is that on "Dirt." Is our aversion to dirt a survival of primitive superstition, or is it something of absolute moral value? The author inclines to the second opinion, that is to say, that our repugnance toward the "unclean" is imbedded in the very "adyton" of our spiritual identity. "The Gnostic Redeemer," "The Prophet of Personality," "A Paradox of Christianity," "Human Progress," and "Reason and Dogma" are the designations of the other essays. In general, the writer is making a very good case for Christianity, deeming it the broadest religious philosophy so far; this he does from the point of view of an intelligent layman. It is rather difficult to pass judgment upon a book of this sort; one can only express an opinion as to its technical merits and demerits and so we can testify that the group makes very good reading, because of the author's style, his breadth of perspective and his freedom from dogmatism. Let me quote a couple of lines from the essay entitled "The Problem of Eschatology":

> If the literal presence of Christ upon the earth 1900 years ago is a fact of great spiritual importance, I can not see why the belief in his presence upon earth at some future age should be unspiritual. But how can we conceive such presence? We are in the region of imaginative conjecture and a fancy of mine may go for what it is worth.

"The Ethics of Socrates"

"The Ethics of Socrates"[2] is one of the latest books, "The Ethics of Confucius," by the same author, being its predecessor. It is a compilation of the teachings of the father of Greek and Roman philosophy as reported by his disciples, Plato, Xenophon, and developed and commented upon by Aristotle, Cicero, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, and others. Socrates as we all know was one of the vanguard of Christianity in more ways than one and his words, those at least that we can call his own, are peculiarly appropriate even today, twenty-four whole centuries after his time. To write a book of 300 pages, however, in order to explain once more the Socratic contribution to ethical thought is more blameworthy than praiseworthy.

The fear seizes me sometimes that exposition and explanation with a vengeance might distort the very goal of our search. In the case of a logical, clear, and concise system as is that of the great Athenian, the fear is justifiable. Socrates should ever be known for a philosophy of life that can be worded easily, though, perhaps, it cannot be practiced easily. "Know thyself; follow Truth even if you never really grasp it; live a life of reason and virtue; be ever suspicious of the man who knows too much."

As for the book in question the following chapters may be quoted: "Virtue is obedience to reason," "Science the basis of ethics," "The highest good," "Happiness," "Immediate rewards and punishments," "The immortality of the soul," "Character," and "The ethical value of the Fine Arts."

GEORGE SARANTON.

A Valuable Reprint[3]

No one has gathered together material on the happenings between the races in recent years so well as this book of Mr. Seligmann's. First published three years ago, it is reprinted in a popular edition for the low price of one dollar, its heavy paper cover likely to endure almost as well as a cloth one. The excellent foreword brings the book up to date.

The chapters deal with Race Riots, The South's Color Psychosis, Anthropology and Myth, Certain Effects of the War, The Scapegoat of City Politics, The Negro in Industry, The American Congo (what a gorgeous title for the Mississippi), Social Equality and Sex and the New Negro. It is a story of fact and opinion. The race riots of Chicago, Omaha, Washington and other cities are described, and especially the Elaine, Arkansas, cases with a chapter on present peonage conditions. We learn much of the progress of the Negro in industry. But it is in his treatment of opinion that this writer, with his caustic wit, deals his best blows. Such unctious words as he loves to quote from the Southerners: William B. Smith of Tulane University, New Orleans, especially comes in for his satire. Indeed Mr. Smith's book is a gem of its kind, a book now hard to get but which lives in the pages of "The Negro Faces America." "The South is entirely right," Smith says, "in keeping open at all times and at all hazards and at all sacrifices an impassable social chasm between black and white." One remembers the insults that the colored delegates to the "National Conference of Social Work" had to endure when they were in New Orleans, and realizes that this professor perhaps more than any other one man is responsible for the rudeness and stupidity that clings to his city's name. His preaching is being carried out in the efforts today to create a black ghetto in New Orleans.

We realize as we go through the book that science is showing us the great difference between good stock and poor stock but also that this difference is not one of race. Mr. Seligmann quotes the psychologist Woodworth as saying:

> One thing the psychologist can assert without fear of error. Starting from the various mental processes which are recognized in his text books, he can assert that each of these processes is within the capabilities of every group of mankind. . . . Statements to the contrary, denying to the savage powers of reasoning, or foresight, can be dismissed at once.

And Mr. Seligmann makes this interesting conclusion:

> Science has not meant the extinction of God; but it has

[1] "Hellenism and Christianity," by Edwyn Bevan. The G. H. Doran Co., New York.
[2] "The Ethics of Socrates," by M. M. Dawson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
[3] "The Negro Faces America," by Herbert J. Seligmann. Second edition with new Foreword.

sounded the doom of tribal and racial gods. And in science's twilight of the gods lurks the promise of a brighter dawn in which races will be valued not by any scale of superior or inferior, quantitatively, but as different colors in civilization, qualitatively different.

Let us look forward to this dawn, not forgetting that its color will come if each of us treasures such cultural and racial differences as are fine and beautiful, and refuses to be poured into any typical, Americanization society, public school, mould.

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

CORRESPONDENCE

THANKS!

Editor of UNITY:

. . . UNITY is the best paper we ever get, and we have a large number.

Jamaica, N. Y. HIRAM W. SMITH.

GERMAN NEEDS

Editor of UNITY:

Charles M. Sheldon, editor of the *Christian Herald* and author of "In His Steps," gives in the November *Atlantic* an impressive report of a much misrepresented experiment of his 20 years ago, when for a week he was allowed to run a newspaper as he imagined Jesus would have edited it. The paper was the Topeka *Capital*. Its daily circulation for that week jumped from 25,000 to 367,000, owing to previous publicity. In the first number the leading article on the front page, which would have been given small space on the inside page of an ordinary newspaper, was on the terrible Indian famine. This was supplemented with letters from missionaries and followed by an appeal for help. The result of this appeal was that farmers sent a trainload of Kansas corn; the *Christian Herald* chartered a ship and sent the corn and solicited $100,000, which followed it. Said Mr. Sheldon: "It is within modest bounds to say that over $150,000 worth of food and relief [that would mean $300,000 today] was sent to a starving people from the first item of real news published on March 13, 1900. If it accomplished nothing more than saving several thousand children from starving to death, I should always feel that the paper was a success." Mr. Sheldon gave his services and turned over $5,000 profit to various charities.

I think if Mr. Sheldon had read a recent morning newspaper he would have said that the most important item was not that which had the large headlines, but was a little letter on an inside page bearing a woman's plea for the starving old people of Germany who have sold all their heirlooms and are now, with savings gone, living in despair and destitution. Says Louise Loring Dresel, widow of the gifted musician, Otto Dresel: "Elderly men and women of culture and refinement are facing absolute destitution. This does not mean a dearth of creature comforts, but that there are people who will actually starve and freeze to death unless help is given." At this moment every cafe and hotel dining room in Boston and New York is crowded with people eating expensive dinners, each average diner spending enough to feed 20 starving people. The Dawes plan has not yet relieved this situation, if it ever will. I find that many refuse to give because a few selfish, rich Germans are spending lavishly in Italy. This is senseless, and, when sincere, shows an appalling lack of imagination. Mrs. Dresel gave no address of responsible persons who could see that gifts were sent and properly distributed. Let it be known, therefore, that those who take the matter to heart can send either to the Federal Council of Churches, 105 East Twenty-second street, New York, or to Sebastian Gahn, Boston Relief Committee, Inc., 165 Corey street, Boston.

—Lucia Ames Mead.

MAHATMA GANDHI AND THE SWARAJISTS

Editor of UNITY:

In America there is some misconception among the students of the Non-violent Non-co-operation movement in India regarding the Swarajists. Some think that the Swarajist leaders such as Mr. C. R. Das, who is known all over India as "Deshbondhu" or "Friend of the Country," and others are professional politicians and mere opportunists without any real vision. Others think that the Swarajists do not believe in the creed of Non-violent Non-co-operation.

The difference between the Swarajists and the orthodox Gandhites who are known as "No-changers" lies in tactics and not in ideals. Mr. C. R. Das in his speech before the annual convention of the Swarajists of India held at Calcutta on August 16, 1924, has clearly defined his position on Non-co-operation in the following way: "Whatever Non-co-operation meant to other people he did not know; but he knew what it meant to him and in the light of his understanding of the word he would maintain it. *The only possible method of fighting this government and winning Swaraj was by applying Non-co-operation everywhere.*"[1]

The Government of India during the month of October, 1924, arrested 77 persons, most of them are Swarajist leaders from the province of Bengal, on the mere suspicion of their being revolutionary. Mahatma Gandhi and others have written articles denouncing this action of the Government and discussed the position of the Swarajists in the Nationalist movement of India today. To remove any misunderstanding it will be well to quote a few extracts from the recent writings of Mahatma Gandhi himself, Moulana Saukat Ali and Dr. P. C. Ray, giving their estimate of the Swarajists.

Mahatma Gandhi writes in the *Young India* to the following effect: "Deshbondhu Das by his work in the Bengal Council has shown that the Bengal Government has not the popular opinion behind it. The theory that he has set up a system of terrorism must be rejected. There is no evidence to support this charge. You cannot win popular elections by terrorism nor can you hold a large party together by it. There is something inherently commendable to the people to make Deshbondhu the undisputed master of his large majority in Bengal. The reason is on the surface. *He wants power for the people. He does not bend the knee to the rulers. He is impatient to release Bengal and India from the triple burden. . . . I have my difference with Deshbondhu, but they cannot blind me to his burning patriotism or the great sacrifice. He loves the country just as much as the best of us. His right hand men have been torn away from him. They are all men of status. They enjoy the confidence of the people. Why should they not have an open, fair and ordinary trial?*"[2]

Moulana Saukat Ali says: "We know that the Swarajists as a body believe as much in Non-violent Non-co-operation as we who follow Mahatma Gandhi in all five boycotts."[3]

Dr. P. C. Roy says: "It must be said to the credit of the Swarajists that they are the only party which have made a resolute and bold stand against the Bureaucracy which, I have often said, is the curse of India."[4]

TARAKNATH DAS.

New York City, December 6, 1924.

ONE OF OUR FRIENDS!

Dear Mr. Holmes:

I am writing as the old year passes to express my appreciation and sincere gratitude for UNITY. . . . I have valued its challenge to out-grown policies of church and nation. Then also my Quaker lineage deeply stirs in me response to your war upon War—the old demoniac criminal of all nations. In political elections I have persistently cast my ballot in favor of the candidate who pledged his loyalty to what I have believed to be the first united step toward the Outlawry of War. . . .

Boston, Mass. L. C.

A PROTEST!

Editor of UNITY:

As editor of UNITY you address in a rather personal way through editorial notes week-by-week carefully prepared individual evaluations of public events and public men. Undoubtedly these are sincere points of view. However, as one of the readers of UNITY these many years both during Jenkin Lloyd Jones' editorship and since, it seems to me that UNITY invites a corresponding honesty and freedom of dissent whenever severe and insulting reference is made in its columns to a man

[1] *The Forward* (Calcutta Nationalist Daily edited by C. R. Das), Aug. 16, 1924. The italics are mine.
[2] *The Amrita Bazar Patrika* (Calcutta Nationalist Daily), Oct. 30, 1924.
[3] *The Navayuga* (Guntur, Madras), Nov. 2, 1924.
[4] *The Navayuga* (Guntur, Madras), Nov. 2, 1924, page 100.

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A SERVANT OF PEACE

It was in July, 1924, at a conference of Germans, French and Belgians that I heard him tell of fighting hatred with a laugh. The French delegation had just arrived and the first meeting with the Germans was beginning.

"I was in the Balkans last spring," he said, "and it is a place where the countries which lost territory in the war are bitter and countries which gained territory are afraid because they fear that the losers may start a new war to wrest their territory back. On both sides of every frontier there is great misunderstanding and distrust, and I found especial hatred over the Macedonian question between Bulgaria and Jugo Slavia.

"So at a meeting one Saturday night in the Bulgarian Capital I said that I was going in two days across the border to Jugo Slavia and I wished to know what kind of a message I should carry to the Serbs. Must I say that the Bulgarians were bitter over the wrongs done to them and determined some day to recover their rights? Or might I say that I knew men and women in Bulgaria who could forget the past and in spite of whatever bitterness and disappointments had gone before, were ready now at any sacrifice to work for understanding and for peace? I said, 'Don't give me your answer now; I'm going to Philippopolis, but next Monday afternoon I'll come back and you can then tell me what message you'll send.'

"The next day, Sunday, I had a crowded peace meeting at Philippopolis, in the largest meeting-place of the city—The Military Club—and then on Monday I returned to Sofia and at the appointed time forty Bulgarians came and we discussed reconciliation for two hours. They decided to form themselves into a group who would try first at home to bridge some of the hatred existing between Bulgarian political parties and then work for a better understanding with the Serbs. They gave me some fine messages to take across the border.

"But when I got to Belgrade I found that the Serbs seemed to hate the Bulgarians even more than the Bulgarians hated the Serbs. I knew no one in the city but I hired a hall and advertised in the newspapers for a meeting. When the people came I thought that the best approach to a discussion of Bulgarian-Serbian hatred might be by showing the absurdity of another hatred. So I said,

" 'I know a good many people in France and Germany and some of them have a curious habit of seeing dragons when they look across a line. When I am in France they tell me that across the German frontier there are no people, but only beasts, dragons which breathe fire and slime. Yet when I go to Germany I don't meet these dragons, I see only people, a good deal like the people in France, and exactly like them in this, that when they look across their boundary line, they don't see people either, but dragons—with forked tails a mile long who vomit aeroplanes and tanks and Poincare.'

"As I filled in this picture my audience was laughing heartily and then I suddenly applied it to their neighbors, the Bulgarians, and themselves. I then told about my Bulgarian meeting in Sofia and the messages of good will sent to the Serbs. What reply would they make to these 'dragons'? Some harked back to the war, but there were others who saw that progress could never come that way. They gave me their names as persons willing to work for peace and a good understanding with Bulgaria and said they would co-operate with men of good will over there...."

Now, as my peace servant told this story in the Franco-German Conference, the listening delegates from France and Germany exchanged smiles and one exclaimed, "Now you're working the same game on us." Everybody laughed, of course, and you could see the contagion of good will spread.

After four days of conference the following joint work for a year was planned: (1) exchange of workers, students and mother's helpers between families in Germany, France and Belgium, (2) support of children's relief, also of voluntary reconstruction work in the devastated area of France, (3) exchange of true news, (4) the maintenance of a young Frenchman in Berlin to work with a German peace group for better understanding with France, (5) the holding of a Franco-German-Belgian Conference every six months.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace...."

—*John Nevin Sayre.*

Armistice Day, 1924.

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of the eminence, proved character, and capacity of President Calvin Coolidge. I was grieved and amazed at the low grade estimate and reproaches put upon Mr. Coolidge in a former issue of UNITY and now in the latest number, Nov. 24, made more offensive following an appreciative comment on the President's noble acknowledgment of the honor given to and trust reposed in him by the American electorate.

To be sure our individual citizen preferences for and judgments on men are largely matters of tastes as well as of intelligence irrespective of partisan choice and favor. One cannot complain at UNITY for its heated favor bestowed on Senator LaFollette as man and candidate. Still, it is a great disservice done even to him as well as to our President, and to the overwhelming majority of American citizenry when UNITY uses its influential publicity to so roundly disparage the high quality and ability of our Chief Magistrate.

Sincerely yours,
Lombard, Ill. (Rev.) QUINCY L. DOWD.

[We sincerely regret that any of our editorial utterances during and after the campaign should have seemed to be "insulting" to President Coolidge. We intended only to express our emphatic opinion, as strong today as ever, that Mr. Coolidge is not an able man and, when pitted against such candidates as Mr. La Follette and Mr. Davis, was not deserving of the support of the electorate. This judgment may well be wrong, but is not "insulting." If it appeared so, it must have been because of our mode of expression, and we are sorry.—EDITORS.]

CONDITIONS IN HUNGARY

Editor of UNITY:

Conditions remain very sad here, and it is a real struggle for many to live. There is a kind of apathy now, such as I found in 1920 after the fall of the Communist regime. A few days ago, I walked along one of the busy popular streets and looked into the shops, and, except for the provision stores, they were all practically empty. This was about 12 A. M. A friend who returned from a business journey to Vienna says it is really sad there today in the business world.

The large internment camp, Falaeglcseg, in Hungary, which contained so many politicals, is now dissolved, and is being transformed into a kind of Work House for some 118 men, mainly foreigners from Roumania, Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia, who are unable to return to these countries because they are run-away soldiers. You cannot think what a satisfaction this is to many people here and in England, and I suppose in the United States, for the camp has been a center of criticism at home and abroad, and so one is thankful that the government has done this fine deed.

Buda-Pest, Hungary. FRED HANKINSON.

The soul of the masses is moved at the will of the desires of the government. The state can and ought to control public sentiment according to the needs of politics.—*General Serrigny*, 1920.

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Several firms have shown a willingness to publish the book, but I will not agree to any changes in the original text. Elective poverty makes it impossible for me to bear the total expense of publishing this great work, *The Kingdom of God,* synopsis of which I attach. The cost of a first edition will be $5000, and will be sold at $10 a copy, approximately 1000 pages.

That you may assure yourself of my bona fides and that your donation will be used for the purpose indicated and for no other, I gladly furnish you with the names of my printer, The Blakely-Oswald Printing Co. (printers of UNITY), and banker, The Independence State Bank.

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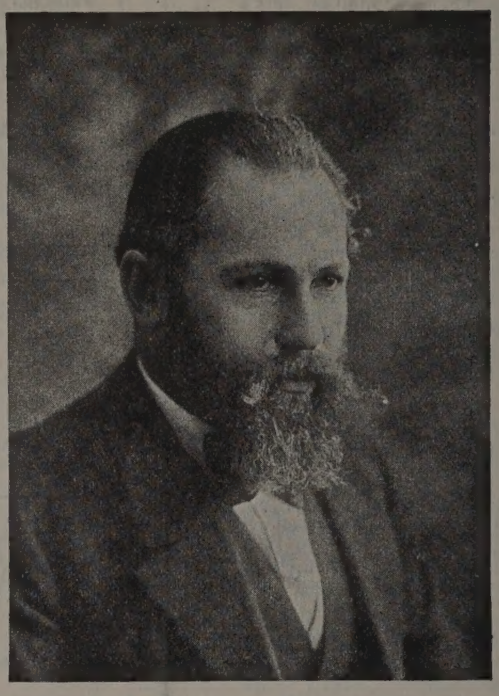

IMMANUEL

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

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